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# IN CRYSTAL HILLS

By FREDERICK J. ALLEN

NORTH
CONWAY

New Hampshire

ILLUSTRATED




Class _____

Book _____

# IN CRYSTAL HILLS



## NORTH CONWAY

### NEW HAMPSHIRE

...By...

FREDERICK J. ALLEN



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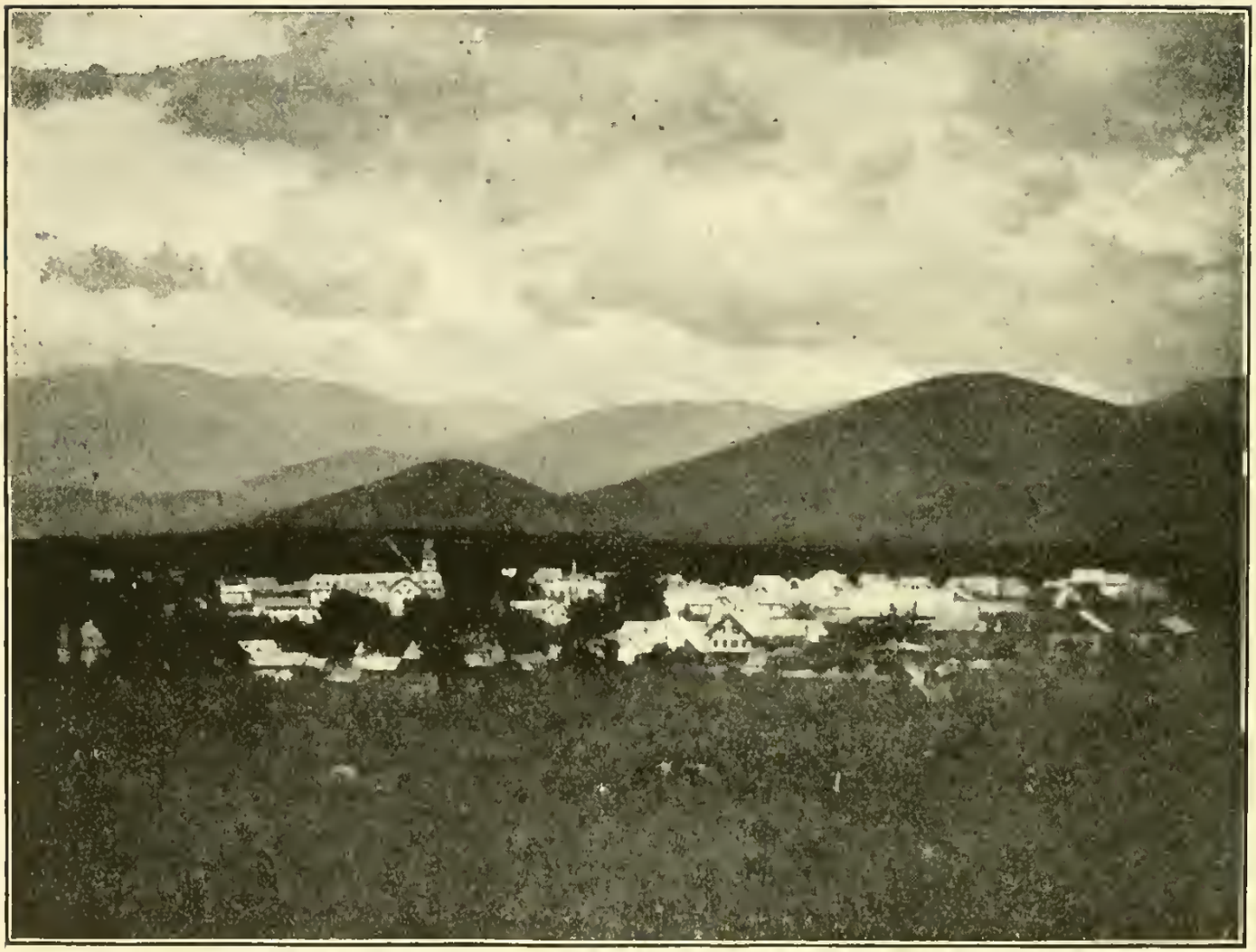
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THE VILLAGE OF NORTH CONWAY

## NORTH CONWAY IN THE CRYSTAL HILLS

NORTH CONWAY lies beneath blue skies,
By her majestic stream,
A picture from far Paradise,
A vision and a dream.

By sun-kissed hill or ocean foam,
By field or forest fair,
For ages man hath built his home,
And set Love's altar there.

And evermore by vale and steep,
With clustering homes and spires,
Men dwell in amity and keep
The race's altar fires.

Sweet Auburn, one thy praises sung,
And straight the world knew thee ;
Dear Stratford, one thy name gave tongue,
And thine is homage free.

A people's virtue or bright fame
Of noble soul and true,
Gives many a hamlet glorious name
In Old World and in New.

# *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*

In thousand villages of our land
  Peace and Good Will abide,
Oldest and newest joining hand
  To keep the countryside.

Far from the city's endless strife,
  Among the mountains old,
Far from the discords of our life,
  Like jewel set in gold,

North Conway lies 'neath sunny skies
  Along the Saco fair,
A picture from far Paradise,
  In setting rich and rare.

O Nature, mother of us all,
  In field or flower or pine
We see thy hand and hear thy call,
  And worship at thy shrine.

Sweet Village in the Crystal Hills,
  Dear home of rest and peace,
In thee her promise Joy fulfils
  And giveth Pain surcease.

## THE WOOD THRUSH

### IN THE NORTH CONWAY FOREST

WHEN westward low descends the sun's red car
A lingering woodland note my heart enthralls;
O hark! O list! It is the wood thrush calls
From out the forest dim; and sweet afar
The ripple glides to greet the evening star,
As when upon enchanted mountain walls
Soft wind-harps sound, or fairy music falls
In stilly hours beneath the moon's pale bar.

O Vesper Singer in thy sylvan glades,
What gift is thine, how thrills the enraptured air
Beneath the burden of thy song! Oh, cease
Not while on field and forest deep the shades
Of night are mantling down; but, singing there,
To all the hushed and listening earth give peace.



THE INTERVALE AND PRESIDENTIAL RANGE

## THE INTERVALE

WHEN nature's giant forces reared
  These hills from caldrons far below
Each mass of stone uncrowned and seared
  Soon wore its robe of green or snow.

Thus nature worketh; rocky waste
  Becomes the forest green and rare,
The desert lowland soon is graced
  With grass and fern and flower fair.

Like these the meadows in the lands
  Of mystic age and fabled time;
Like these the meads along the sands
  Of Simois in Asian clime.

Sweet Greece and Italy are graced
  With sunny skies and vales like these;
And in the books of men are traced
  Such visions that the poet sees.

Outspread beneath this northern sky,
  Soft kissed by breeze or swept by gale
That cometh from yon mountains high,
  Fair is this northern intervale.



THE SACO

## THE SACO

FROM many a glen and dark ravine
  Unite a thousand purling rills,
Till flows the river fringed with green,
  Fair River of the Northern Hills.

In majesty thou movest on
  To pour thy flood in ocean's tide;
What mysteries of ages gone
  Lie buried in thy bosom wide?

What tribes of men thy course beheld
  Ere first the White Man hither came?
What brave deeds of the ages eld
  Hast thou hid from the trump of fame?

The Red Man kindled here his fire,
  By stream and mountain unafraid;
And here he found his heart's desire,
  The answering heart of Indian maid.

The peace of centuries broodeth here,
  Fair River of the Intervale;
And in thy waters, crystal clear,
  The sunset's glory shall not fail.



THE WHITE MOUNTAINS FROM INTERVALE

## MT. WASHINGTON

HAIL! O Monarch of New England!
Mightiest of her ancient mountains,
Peak supreme among thy fellows
Rising round thee like a stairway,
Stairway of enduring granite,
Where the giants of days olden
Mounted to thy hoary summit
And thence gazed upon the wide world.

In some æon prehistoric
Nature built thy granite bases,
And thy kingly crest uplifted.
Then as now sweet Morning crowned thee
With her light pink, rose, and saffron,
And the Noonday poured his arrows
Vainly on thy mailed shoulders;
Then as now the Evening lingered
O'er thee with her lights and shadows,
Evening mystic Night's fair portal,
Evening ebon Night's pale portal.

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



Answering the far Atlantic
Throbs the heart that lies within thee,
Bulwark of the land puissant,
And thy foothills feel and tremble
From thy base to ocean's margin.
Softly fall the rains of summer,
And thy thirst give sweet refreshing;
Variant cloud-forms o'er thee hover,
As they heard thy heart's deep calling,
And thy summit wreathe in beauty.

Tempests smite thee in their anger
At thy grandeur and defiance,
At thine æon-long defiance;
And old Winter with his ermine
Lingers long upon thy high crest,
Running there his northern courses.

Down thy sides dark caverns yawning
Tell the throes of distant ages,
Tell of Nature's grand upheaval;

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*

Many a path of bounding torrent
Marks thy gray and somber ledges;
Many a shattered cliff or boulder
Witnesses the Storm King's vengeance,
Smiting on thee with his lightning.

On Olympus, Mount Thessalian,
Dwelt the gods in days heroic;
On Mt. Sinai were the Tables
Of the Law to men entrusted;
Ever shall man's feet ascending
Earthly mountain come near Heaven,
Ever shall his spirit follow
Where the Spirit Universal
Moves in mystery and power
Through the ether's endless spaces.

Mountain Beauteous, Mountain Glorious,
Worthy of the name thou bearest,
Mount of Vision be forever
For a great and noble people.



MOAT MOUNTAIN AND THE LEDGES

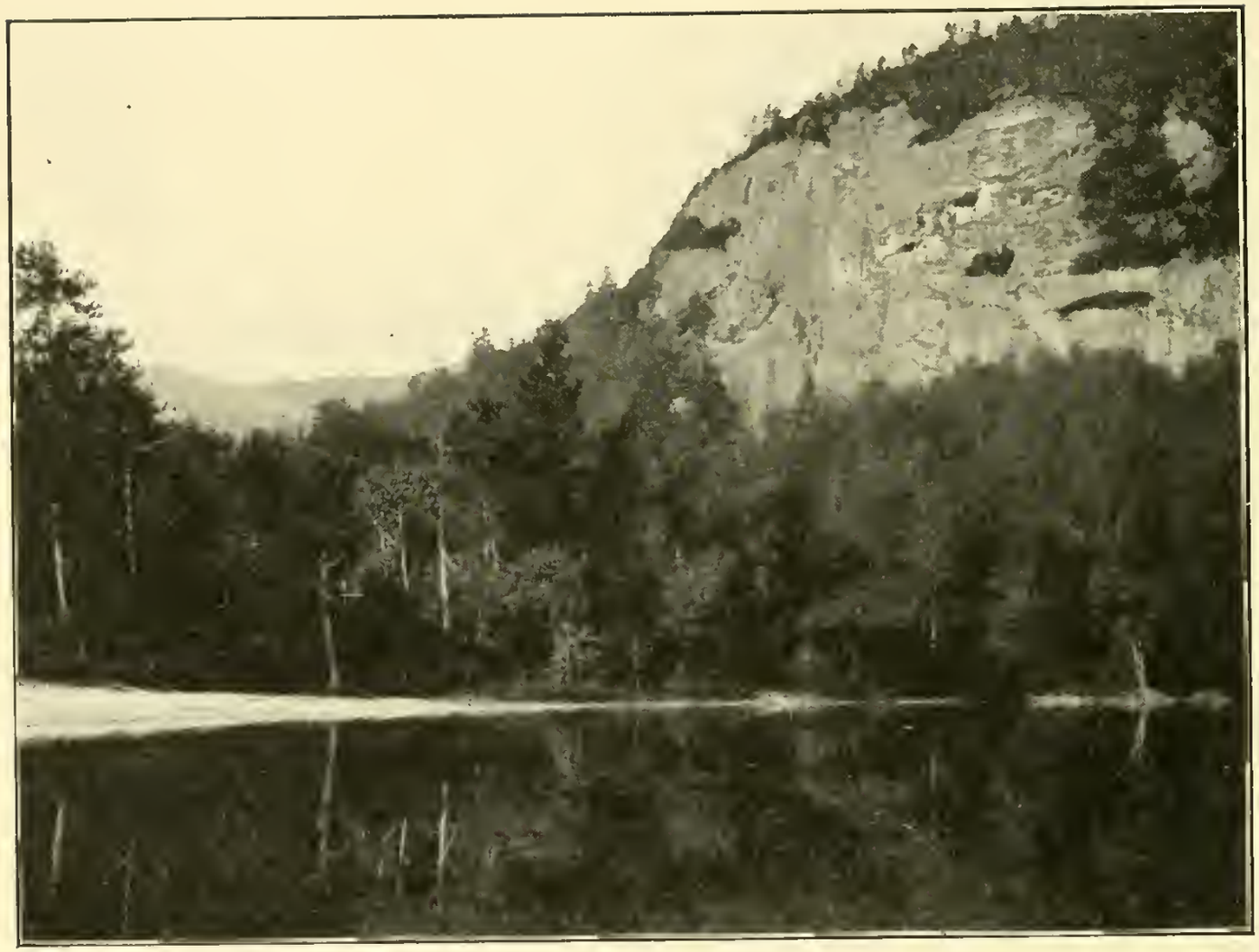
## MOAT MOUNTAIN

OLD mountain wall, with summit seared
'Neath many a summer's sun on high,
What Titan hand thy mass upreared
And filed thy crest against the sky?

Ravine and shadowy pass are there,
And torrent's path and winter's scars;
And there oft falls the moonlight fair,
With golden sheen of crystal stars.

In the soft stillness of the night
Thy thousand harps with music swell;
Both evening shade and morning light
Alternate on thee cast their spell.

Old Moat, of jeweled porphyry
And many a rare and beauteous stone,
Lo! thou art crowned with majesty,
And set along the land alone.

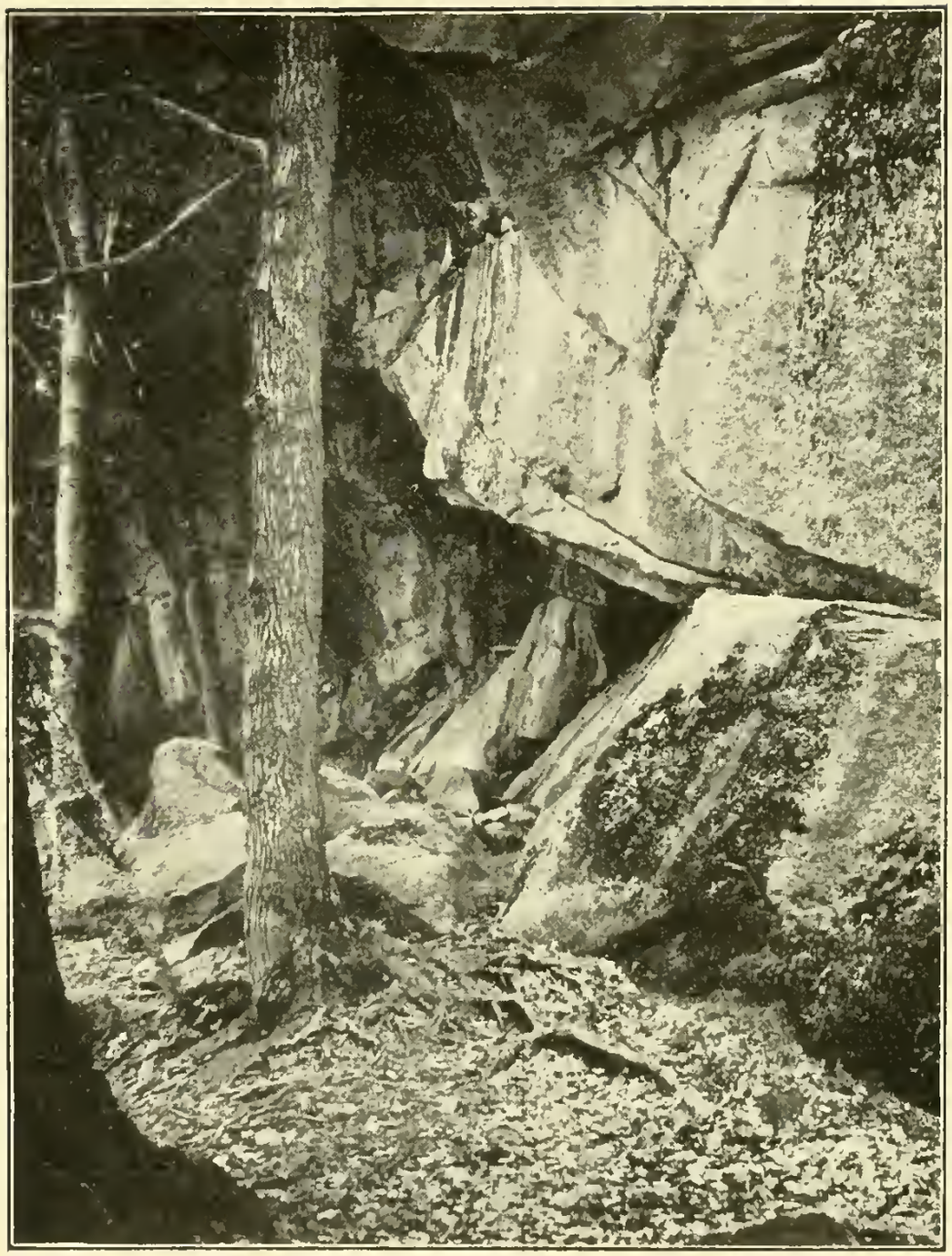


WHITE HORSE LEDGE

## WHITE HORSE LEDGE

SILENT and gray, with adamantine crest,
  Yon cliff uprises at the mountain's base,
  And bears a snow-white figure on its face,
A horse forever rearing toward the west;
Below, in limpid sheen and shadow drest,
  The fair lake lies, and flows with matchless grace
  Old Saco's crystal tide. The cliff hath place
By mount and vale where Nature wrought her best.

'Tis here the sweetness of the woodland fills
  The heart with rest; 'tis here the poet dreams,
    Interpreter of the omniscient plan
Of him who graved His glory in the hills,
  And set His beauty by ten thousand streams,
    And made the earth a paradise for man.



THE CATHEDRAL

## THE CATHEDRAL

HEWED from the high cliff's yawning side,
With lofty arch and transept wide,
And walled with maple, beech, and pine,
Is this Cathedral's mystic shrine.

These walls pearl-gray, soft green, and brown
With water ever trickling down,
More beauteous are than graven stone,
And here my heart shall find its own.

In fane and shrine man's hand hath wrought,
And forms divine hath Genius caught
From that fair world of dreams where rise
Faiths' altars with their sacrifice.

But God his noblest temples rears
With his own hand ; his thought appears
In blooms that fringe the meadow rill
And in the granite-templed hill.



ECHO LAKE

## ECHO LAKE

FAIR is thy storied lake, sweet Gallilee,
  Across whose shining wave the Lord Christ passed;
  And fair is Leman's limpid crescent, cast
Upon the Rhone, blue lake of mystery.
The New World beauteous is, with inland sea,
  Majestic river, mountain, forest vast;
  And in New Hampshire's hills, O Nature, hast
Thou wrought with thy most wondrous alchemy.

O Crystal Lake, lying in solitude,
  Forever guarded by yon warder gray,
    And fringed around by hemlock, fir, and pine;
Here trembling lights and mystic shadows brood,
  And Echo dies like bell at close of day;
    Here is earth's sweetest spot, O Font Divine!



DIANA'S BATHS

## DIANA'S BATHS

THY course is broken here, O Woodland Stream,
By ledges rended deep in throes of old,
By boulders cast in figures manifold
When Nature graved the rocks with art supreme;
Here ever brood the shadow and the dream,
And lofty trees their mystic branches hold
Like sentinels above the waters cold,
While ever shineth here the wave's soft gleam.

Fair Dian laved in fountains in far days,
To crystal flood revealing form divine;
Fair Dian wandered free in woodland ways
And heard the harmonies of stream and pine;
Yet never on her raptured senses never fell
Sound sweeter, sight more fair, in sylvan dell.



THOMPSON'S FALLS

## THOMPSON'S FALLS

BULWARK of broken ledges,
  Moss-covered and old and gray,
Crumbled on ends and edges
  And wet with the falling spray ;

Titans these rocks have riven,
  Have riven in some wild chase ;
Titans their spears have driven
  Deep into the green hill's base.

Flood of the spring hath bounded
  Adown from the green hill's side,
Voice of the flood hath sounded
  Afar through the forest wide.

Sweet is thy sound in summer,
  O Fall of the Wildwood Stream,
Filling the heart of each comer
  With peace like a sylvan dream.



THE ENCHANTED WOODS

## THE ENCHANTED WOODS

MAJESTIC, mystical, these old pines tower,
Unheedful of earth's changes year by year,
Their armor seamed and knotted, brown and sere;
On every hand soft fern and woodland flower
In fragrance grow, 'neath their protectors' power.
Save for the wind-harp's whisperings all here
Is silence grateful, and there broodeth e'er
The Spirit of the world's fair Morning Hour.

O here is place to come when love is new,
And rising struggles at the spirit's bars;
And here is place to come when love is old,
And sees again in loving eyes the stars:
For here, at Nature's heart, all things are true,
And loving souls communion sweet may hold.



ARTIST FALLS

## ARTIST FALLS

BATHED with the glow of morning
  Golden and gray and white,
Gemmed by the noon's adorning,
  Fair at the fall of night;

Crescent and spray and sparkle,
  Music of lotus lands,
Shadows that pass and darkle,
  Home of the elfin bands;

Mosses and tree and boulder,
  Carpet of autumn leaves:
Here, as the year grows older,
  Nature her beauty weaves.

Here is the spirit granted
  Balm for the care that calls;
Here is the heart enchanted,
  Lulled by these crystal falls.



THOMPSON'S GROVE

## THOMPSON'S GROVE

THE traffic of the busy world goes by,
The horse of iron daily thunders past
Upon his endless round, from ocean vast
Unto the kingly hills, from mountain high
Down to the shore where princely cities lie.
Stern Industry while human need shall last
Upon the primal world her spell shall cast,
And rear her banners 'neath the holy sky.

Sweet Grove, where man may come and refuge find,
Thy sacred silences shall hush the pain
That broodeth in the breast: thy spirit, old
As nature, new as morn, shall touch the mind
With influence Lethean: here, come loss or gain,
Earth's rarest visions shall my heart behold.



ARTIST FALLS BROOK

## ARTIST FALLS BROOK

STREAM from the forest flowing free,
What greeting bringest thou to me?
What message from the mount afar
Where beats the storm and shines the star?

Beholding thee Faith shall not cease!
From out the tempest comes thy peace;
From hill to sea along thy strand
Kind Plenty blesses all the land.

Within thy mirror gleams the sky,
And in thy heart all mysteries lie
Of field and wood; of man and maid,
For ever here have lovers strayed.

Like thrushnote when the twilight falls,
Or wind-harp sweet on mountain walls,
Thy music soundeth evermore
From crested hill to ocean shore.



KEARSARGE AND BARTLETT MOUNTAINS

## MT. KEARSARGE

WHEN stars are slowly fading in the sky
And night is softly paling into dawn,
When birds begin to sing upon the lawn,
Then like some ancient ruin rising high
Old Kearsarge proudly looms before the eye:
Darkness below; above, the curtains drawn,
Morn's crimson rays upon his crest are strawn,
And gorgeous hosts of Light the Night defy.

O who hath seen the morning in the hills?
O who hath climbed some mountain ere the sun,
And seen his shafts of glory quivering rise?
Then climb Old Kearsarge ere Aurora fills
The land with light; the stars pale one by one,
And, lo! Morn's Miracle on earth and skies!



REDSTONE QUARRY

## REDSTONE QUARRY

EVER hath the fair earth yielded
Riches boundless for her children,
Gold of Ophir and a New World's
Mines of silver, India's silken
Wares and spices, Afric's diamond,
Pearl of ocean, Orient opal,
And a thousand iridescent
Gems of magic and of beauty;
Woods of cherry, oak, and cedar,
Stones of sand and lime and marble
Fit for mansion, temple, palace.

In the unrecorded æons
Of the past, O fair New Hampshire,
Earth uplifted from her bosom
Granite masses for thy mountains,
Domes of mica, quartz, and feldspar,
Pillars of thy strength and glory:
And the Master Artist fashioned
Here at Redstone hills of granite,
Granite rose-like, clear, and beauteous.



VIEW FROM MT. SURPRISE ( VILLAGE OF INTERVALE )

## FROM MT. SURPRISE

THROUGH fragrant dells and piny woods
Whose spell the spirit binds,
Through rarest sylvan solitudes
The roadway upward winds.

From the fair crest of Mt. Surprise,
Set in a sea of green,
A panorama beauteous lies,
Softened by shade and sheen.

Upon the far horizon's bar
Rise the eternal hills,
And morning light or evening star
Their crown of glory fills.

Below, the Ledges gray and grim
Like Parian pillars stand;
And Moat, in mystic shadows dim,
Lies prone along the land.

In peace beneath the northern sky,
By ancient wood and dale,
And kept by mountain warders, lie
The homes of Intervale.



THE WIZARD BIRCH AT INTERVALE

## THE WIZARD BIRCH

THOU Wizard Tree, set here in solitude,
What changed thee from the fair form of thy kind?
Was it some vengeful demon of the wind
That smote thee when thy trunk his way withstood?
Or did the sun, unheedful of thy good,
Disdain to shine upon thy pearly rind
And warm thy heart? Or hast thou not divined
Why nature made of thee an alien in the wood?

Ten thousand thousand patterns, large and small,
Hath nature for the fashion of her art;
And yet there is naught common in them all,
Nor doth she from her pattern far depart.
And thou, Old Tree, whose growth so strange hath been
Hast yet within the red heart of thy kin.



THE CATHEDRAL PINES AT INTERVALE

## THE CATHEDRAL PINES

LIKE sentinels of somber hue and green,
Tall, stately, and majestic, row on row,
And straight as any arrow sped from bow,
These old pines stand. Soft shadows lie between,
And wandering lights from over-arching sheen
Fall downward on the needles brown below.
Through these cool, fragrant forests deeps there flow
The sweetest strains of nature's fair demesne.

O here is place for loitering lover's feet,
And the fond heart its secrets may reveal;
Here one the far thoughts of his youth may meet,
And all the wounds of life's stern battle heal;
And 'neath the organ harmony of pine
The rapt soul here may bow at Nature's shrine.

## THE CRYSTAL HILLS

HILLS of Crystal, upward lifting,
Gleaming with a thousand glories
In the golden sun of morning,
Traversed by a thousand shadows
In the softer lights of even;
Are ye sentient of the sunlight,
Are ye conscious of the shadow,
Throbs your great heart to the wave-beat
Ceaseless on the ocean's margin?

From the bosom of the Atlantic
Years untold the sun hath risen,
Casting crimson on your high crests;
At his coming mists have vanished,
Like the dreams of softest slumber
When the daylight calls to action,
Like the shadow on the child's face
When the mother's kiss is given.

# *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*

Hills of Crystal, glorious, golden,
Castles reared in childish fancy,
Years agone, with you compare not!
I would lay me on your summits,
Fanned by breezes out of heaven,
Breathed upon by purple vapors,
Wrapped in odors of the forest,
Lulled to rest by softest music
Borne up from the aged ocean.

Such the peace the gods imparted
On some far Hesperian isle or
Sunlit clime of storied æon.

## I AM THE WIND

Written in Thompson's Grove

(*New England Magazine, February, 1907*)

I AM the wind that crieth
  Where the Storm King strides,
I am the wind that lieth
  On the fair hillsides,
And man my puissance trieth
  Where his proud bark rides.

When the great Void was riven
  By the hand that wrought,
When light and life were given
  To fulfil His thought,
I only, 'neath God's heaven,
  Had a bound set not.

His messenger, I carried
  Seed of the wood and wold,
And cities I have buried
  In æon's dust and mold
Nathless my legions serried
  Have not yet grown old.

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*



Along my path the golden
  Cloud of morning flees,
Wind-harps in forests olden
  Make I of the trees,
And on my pinions holden
  Brood I o'er the seas.

Be seasons fair and vernal,
  Or the snow be whirled,
Like Destiny eternal
  Whose wing is never furled,
With messages supernal
  I course around the world.

My work hath never ended,
  Since first time began;
And in my breath are blended
  Life and death for man.
Free, mighty, sun-descended,
  I fulfil God's plan.

## OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE

FAST DAY, 1899

(*In the Manchester Union*)

OLD New Hampshire, first to enter
In the union of the Thirteen,
Thy brave sons withstood the Briton
When the call to arms was sounded,
Foremost in that mighty conflict
For the freedom of a people;
And in later years rebellion
Found a foe among the free-born
Of thy hills and lakes and rivers.

Thou hast given strength in battle,
Wisdom in the halls of council,
Stark and Webster, and a thousand
Who have made our broad land richer.
Products of thy field and quarries,
Products of thy myriad spindles,
Craft of brain and might of sinew,
Thou hast given her resources.

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*

On their granite bases resting,
Piercing the eternal regions,
Firmly stand thine ancient mountains,
Stand as sentinels of freedom;
So thy virtues, deeply grounded
In the faith our fathers cherished,
Rise in action to sublime deeds,
Rise in sacrifice and service.

Christian were the old-time builders,
Christian were there sons and daughters;
And the center of each hamlet,
In those distant days and simple,
Was the church, God's rough-hewn temple.
And by men foreseeing planted
In the wilderness, Old Dartmouth
Ministered to state and and nation.

One has spoken words of warning,
One has bidden us to ponder
On the ways almost forgotten,
And restore the ancient landmarks,
And rebuild the fallen churches.

## *IN CRYSTAL HILLS*

Can it be the past is dying,
Can it be God's arm is shortened,
And our father's hope was groundless?
Shall the old traditions perish,
Shall we falter in the pathways,
Falter in the ancient pathways
Trodden by the consecrated?

Rather let us think the people,
Listening to receding voices,
By the past are still uplifted,
Guided, strengthened, and ennobled;
Rather let us trust the people
Shall continue wise and faithful,
Building on the tried foundations
Edifices nobler, grander,
Than the world has seen aforetime.

Rouse ye, children of New Hamshire,
Let your virtues, ever grounded
In the faith your fathers cherished,
Rise in action to sublime deeds,
Rise in sacrifice and service.

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